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The pure, fair symbols of those brighter births,
Souls born to life eternal, from the tomb—
The shadowy portal to the courts of heaven,
Even as the Faithful met in days of yore,
Where Saints and Martyrs from life's warfare rested—
And of their virtues, and their deeds of love,
Held calm and sage discourse—even at the tomb,
Circling it round with solemn reverence—
Gathering not fears, but hopes;—and so they found
No terror in the grave—but love and peace,
And the sweet awe that unseen glory sheds.—
So let us visit our departed friends,
As at the gate of their eternal home;
And ring it round, as they who wait without,
'Till the stern Porter lets them in to joy.

J. UU.

ORIGINAL LETTER OF WILLIAM PENN.

MR. EDITOR—In turning over your Twenty-third Number, I met with an interesting detail, connected with an individual, whom a late noble and legal punster would have considered a very fit subject for notice in a PENNY Magazine. This circumstance reminded me, that I had access to the original of the subjoined letter, which I now place at your disposal. In the room where I write, hangs a small print, reduced from a well-known one which represents the enlightened founder of Pennsylvania, concluding his treaty with the Indians. Its frame is veneered with slices of the identical elm under which the treaty was signed, procured by the late Captain John Hamilton, whose family resided on the spot.

Ballitore, 25th Jan. 1833.

G. D

TO AMOS STRETTELL.*

London, 8th, 11 mo.. 1780.

DEAR & OBLIDGEING FRD.

Thy Afflicting, yet very kind letter, gave that blow to my Spirit, which for some time I have not been Able to Le-cove Myself, For I have Lost a great friend, and the Church a great Member, his parts tho' plain were Masculine and Strong, his Integrity Incorruptible, his friendship firm & his Zeal & Love for Truth always fresh and Tender, a good, plain, pious & useful Man. O! My Dr. friend, may I wish to find so Able & so Compassionate A friend In Eng: Ireland, or America. Without Offence? I have Lost too soon, & hope those my Sincere friends That Think with me so, Will please To still pity & help me, who have neither been bred nor us'd To help myself; but have my Dr. Brethren In some measure. This suddain great turn in my Affairs must hasten my Journey for Ireland, unless my Able Corke friends will please to make it useless & save me so severe a Journey as the present season if it continues will make Mine, & the more difficult for the weak Circumstances my poor Wife is under, tho' I bless God she rather increases her Strength, and almost Longs to see that too much Disposed as well as hard used Country. I desire thee to bestow on me a more ample Acct. of thy Brothers frame of spirit, and concerns., if thou pleasest, & what his Dr. & Sweet Wife purposes to do; also I beg of thee to lett the friends of Corke know, that the Money I drew is to pay the Interest of a mortgage 4 or 5 years old to my Son Aubrey, that if not pay'd, he may enter upon the Western Estate of above 400*l*. p. an. which must not be; And this thy Brother knew as I writ to Tho. Wight when I drew the Bill of 1000*l*. & indeed I had never drawn it, had not the Arrears (which thy Brother told me would Amount to 2000*l*. last November) been the Method proposed to me by him for the payment of it. But if the friends that advanced that thousand pound will expect it out of present and growing Rents, I shall be postponed for my Bread, for I do assure thee I now borrow Money to be able to put it into my Children's mouths, & tho' I think to Write to friends of Corke on this subject, that they would now & then let me have

fifty or an hundred pounds, whilst they are a paying off for my subsistence (which I shall take for a great kindness) yet I intreat thee & my Dr. friends in & about Dublin to write to them, such as they know G. Rooke T. Wilson &c. that they would please to Receive their Money with some tenderness to my Circumstances; if they fear a loss by my Death if I live not till they be pay'd, my Son Penn will secure them. And now give thy Dr. Sister Cuppeege mine and my Wife's very Dr. Love for we are deeply concern'd in her Affliction, & I fear least she Looks upon me (by my concerns he so heartily espoused) as an Accessary to her unspeakable Loss, tho' I fear he made a little too much hast when he Returned, for he rode above 40 Miles a day & often Complain'd of his Lovyns to my Man that waited on him to Chester, Dr. Amos let me hear from thee & that freely & largely and as soon as may be. So with Dr. Love to all Brethren & friends (& hoping thy Dr. Child is better) I close end.

Poor Edwd. Hustwell was }
buried Last night.

Thy affect. & faithfull
friend,



BISHOP OF ROSS.

The siege of Clonmel in the year 1650, is one of the most memorable in the annals of Ireland. Hugh O'Neal, a spirited young man, with twelve hundred provincial troops maintained the town, in so gallant a manner, that Cromwell's temper, arts, and military strength, were fairly put to the test. Ormond, it is true, did every thing in his power to succour the besieged, but with little effect: Boetius M'Eagan (Baothghalach M'Aodhagan, as it is written in Irish), the Roman Catholic bishop of Ross, was particularly active in collecting, animating, and leading on the remains of the troops that Cromwell had put to flight in different engagements. This unfortunate prelate, who might well be called the soul of his party, at length fell into the hands of Lord Broghill, one of the ablest of the parliamentary generals. His Lordship knew the value of his captive, and prudently resolved to turn a man, whom the fortune of war had thrown into his hands, to the greatest advantage. He knew that the influence of his prisoner over the loyalists was unbounded; and that a few words from him would have more effect than all the artillery he had collected. His Lordship therefore offered him his life on condition that he would exercise his authority with the garrison of a fort called Carrickdrogid near the field of battle: he promised to use his influence, and so he did; for being conducted to the fort, he conjured the garrison in the name of Heaven, their religion, love of country, and the spirits of those who had fallen in support of all that was dear to them, to maintain their post, and to bury themselves in its ruins, before they would yield it up to an implacable enemy. As soon as he had done, he turned round, looked on Lord Broghill with a smile of complacency, and desired to be led to the scaffold: he was accordingly executed on the branch of a tree, within view of the fort. Coxe and Leland, in their Histories of Ireland, take notice of this circumstance with the cold indifference of an annalist; nor did they think it worth their labours to record even the name of a man who acted so gallantly from principle, and who undauntedly sealed the cause he espoused with his blood.

SOCIAL IMPROVEMENT.—A principal characteristic by which man is distinguished, is the faculty of growing wiser by experience. Every other race of animals seems destined to remain for ever, nearly what it was at its first formation, while human creatures, instructed and improved by the lessons of their predecessors, bequeath, in their turn, to those who follow them, the precious legacy, not only of their wisdom, but of their folly.—*Chenevix on National Character*

* There is no address but an indorsement, which has foiled some cunning decipherers. It appears to be "Brother Strettel." However the Christian name *Amos* occurs in the course of the letter, and the surname *Strettel*, is of ancient state and respectability in the Society of Friends.